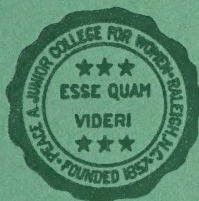


Deep

Voices of Peace



Vol. VIII . . No. 3

JUNE, 1940

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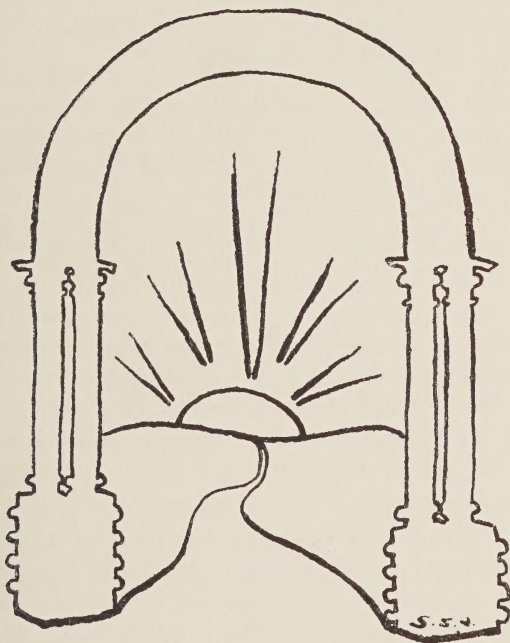
VOICES of PEACE

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"POE WITH HIS RAVEN"

To Edgar Allan Poe the death of a beautiful woman was the most poetic topic in the world. This is the theme of many of his poems, among which "The Raven" is the most famous.

At the time "The Raven" was begun in 1841, Poe was living in Philadelphia. He first offered it for publication in 1843, but, much to the ultimate benefit of the poem, it was not accepted. The poet continued to work on it for another year before completing it in its present form.

In the spring of 1844 we find him still in Philadelphia. It is said that Poe and a number of friends were accustomed to meet in the basement of Sandy Welsh's Tavern on Ann Street, and here Poe read "The Raven" to the company as it existed at that time. Even though some criticism was offered by his companions, it was in the spirit of fun, and probably influenced Poe little, if at all, in his later revision of the work.

What Poe himself thought about his poem is brought out plainly in a letter from Col. J. Du Solle to Mrs. Weiss:

"He would on some evenings, when sober, come to the rooms occupied by himself and other writers of the press and, producing the manuscript of *The Raven*, read to them the last addition to it, asking their opinions and suggestions. He seemed to be having difficulty with it, and to be very doubtful as to its merits as a poem. The general opinion of these critics was against it."

During the late summer and fall of 1844, Poe, his wife Virginia, and his stepmother, Mrs. Clemm, were living on a farm five or six miles from New York. The site is near the present corner of Eighty-fourth and Broadway. The farmhouse, an old one belonging to an Irish family, stood on a hill with a view of the Hudson and the palisades of the Jersey shore. Here "The Raven" took its final shape with the exception of a few minor changes.

It is interesting to know the kind of room in which Poe wrote his best known poem. Formerly a Frenchman, one of Napoleon's officers, had lived in the room now occupied by Poe. The walls were still hung with French military prints and the heavy dark hangings were after the Empire manner. There was a bookcase, several pieces of massive cloth-covered furniture, a flat-topped desk, and a clock. The two windows were rather small and filled with panes of old-fashioned, thick glass. There was also a fireplace and a door opening into the hall that led to the room in which Virginia and Mrs. Clemm stayed. The bust of Pallas, which suggested the perch for the raven, stood just above this door. Gen. J. O'Brien, who knew the house well, describes it in this way:

"Above the door opening into the hallway stood the pallid bust of Pallas. It was a little plaster cast and occupied a shelf nailed to the door casing, immediately behind the bust, and occupying the space between the top casing and the ceiling; a number of little panes of smoked glass took the place of the partition."

We have it from Virginia and Mrs. Clemm that Poe worked during the long hours of the night when the house was quiet. It is not hard to imagine the room as it must have looked when he wrote there during those autumn nights—the stillness broken only by the scratching pen and the slow tick of the clock, while firelight flickered and died away, perhaps touching now and then the bust of Pallas above the chamber door, and the wind sweeping across the Hudson shook the house and set the trees tapping against the window. Perhaps all these seemingly trivial things influenced him as he sat there at the flat-topped desk, a slender, dark-haired man with olive complexion and grey eyes, writing “The Raven.”

An interesting story is told of how one of the lines in “The Raven” was suggested to Poe. In 1842 it was necessary for him to go to Saratoga Springs for his health. Near the place where he stayed was a garden with trout pools and large trees. Here Poe was in the habit of walking as he worked on his poem, sometimes reciting it aloud to hear the effect of the lines. His only audience was a little boy who played there often and had grown used to the strange young man in black, whose grey eyes flashed as he talked to himself of a raven by the name of “Nevermore.” One day the child looked up from his play and remarked that he had never heard of a bird with a name like that. Poe, pleased by this remark, instantly scribbled something down, which later appeared in the lines:

For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door,
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door
With such name as “Nevermore.”

“When ‘The Raven’ was finally published in 1845, it achieved the most complete success; it was the real beginning of Poe’s fame as a writer. According to William P. Trent, “The Raven” gained a popularity second only to that of Gray’s *Elegy*. George E. Woodbury writes: “No great poem ever established itself so immediately, so widely, and so imperishably in men’s minds. ‘The Raven’ became, in some sort, a national bird and the author the most notorious American of the hour.” J. H. Ingram, Poe’s English biographer, calls “The Raven” “the most popular lyrical poem in the world.”

Its first formal publication was in the *American Whig Review* for February, 1845, with the author’s pen name given as “Quarles.” It had appeared earlier, however, in the New York *Evening Mirror* of January 29, where it was introduced by the following editorial note:

We are permitted to copy (in advance of publication) from the second number of the “American Review,” the following remarkable poem by Edgar Poe. In our opinion, it is the most effective single example of “fugitive poetry” ever published in this coun-

try, and unsurpassed in English poetry for subtle conception, masterly ingenuity of versification, and consistent sustaining of imaginative life. . . . It is one of those "dainties bred in a book," which we feed on. It will stick to the memory of everybody who reads it.

The effect of the poem in England is well expressed in a letter from Elizabeth Barrett to Poe, dated April, 1846:

Your Raven has produced a sensation, a "fit honor" here in England. Some of my friends are taken by the fear of it and some by the music. I hear of persons haunted by the "Nevermore" and one acquaintance of mine who has the misfortune of possessing a "bust of Pallas" never can bear to look at it in the twilight. I think you will like to be told that our great poet Mr. Browning was struck much by the rhythm of that poem.

On the Continent this now famous poem was equally popular. Baudelaire translated all of Poe's stories but only one poem—"The Raven." As C. Alphonso Smith records, Dr. Inazo Nitobe, a famous Japanese scholar, when asked if he was familiar with Poe's works, replied: "Familiar with them! . . . We learn English in Japan from *The Raven* and *The Gold-Bug*." A German translator, Theodor Etzel, gives an amusing interpretation of the word "Nevermore," which occurs at the end of the last eleven stanzas in "The Raven." *Nevermore* in German is *Nimmermehr*, and so determined was the translator to keep the long o sound that he substituted the words, "Nie du Thor," which in English is "Never, you fool."

How and why did Poe come to write "The Raven"? If we are to accept his own explanation in the *Philosophy of Composition*, it would seem that the writing of the poem was a purely mechanical process. Poe tells us it was written as follows:

It is my design to render it manifest that no one point in its composition is referable either to accident or intuition—that the work proceeded, step by step, to its completion with the precision and rigid consequence of a mathematical problem.

A great many critics, especially foreigners, have thought that this explanation was a hoax, but the reason for this seems to be the fact that they did not understand what Poe was attempting to explain. C. A. Smith does not agree with these critics. Poe, he says, is not dealing with "creation, but with formal adaptation." As Poe's biographer reasons:

Every point may be found, explicit or implicit, in what Poe had already said about poetry in general or poems in particular—Its sole and central question is—Given genius, given the original inspiration, given the predetermined conception, how does the poet go about embodying this conception in word, stanza, and melody?

Thus we see that Poe in the *Philosophy of Composition* was not explaining inspiration or its source, but rather how this was embodied in "The Raven."

Poe does not state that he was inspired by any outside source, but it is highly probable that he was influenced, whether consciously or unconsciously, by other writers. Hervey Allen in *Israfel* brings out the fact that in February, 1841, Poe wrote a criticism of *Barnaby Rudge*, the novel by Charles Dickens in which a raven plays an important part. He suggests that here Poe first became interested in the raven that he later adapted to his own use.

In his fable for critics James Russell Lowell also noticed this association:

Here comes Poe with his raven, like Barnaby Rudge,
Three fifths of him genius, and two fifths sheer fudge . . .

A great many people, however, think the poet was influenced by an almost forgotten Georgian, Thomas Holly Chivers. He was at one time a close friend of Poe's, and it is thought that the refrain of "The Raven" may have been suggested by his "Lament on the Death of my Mother":

Nor where the pleasures of the world are sought,
Nor where the sorrows of the world are found—
Nor on the borders of the great deep sea,
Wilt thou return again from heaven to me—
No, Nevermore!

Chivers also wrote another poem, "To Allegro in Heaven," which is, according to Hervey Allen, "even more suggestive in meter and refrain."

It is quite possible that Henry B. Hirst, a young law student, who spent most of his time writing poetry and studying birds, also had something to do with the composition of "The Raven." While Poe was in Philadelphia, he and Hirst took long walks together, reciting their poems to each other and exchanging criticisms. Hervey Allen has this to say about their relations:

It is in all probability on these rambles with Hirst that the "Raven" first began to croak his "Nevermore" for Poe had then lately discovered him in *Barnaby Rudge*. Hirst on his part read his own poetry to Poe. Some of the poems of both young men, when they were published a few years later, bore indubitable evidence of their authors' close association.

The poetry of General Pike might also have been suggestive to Poe, but one of the most striking parallels, and one which has not been mentioned in any of the books I have read on the subject, was found by my father. I shall quote fully as it was given to me:

In re-reading *Ivanhoe* recently I could not help wondering if Poe's "Raven" owed some unconscious influence to a dramatic scene within Front-de-Boeuf's burning castle. The wounded

Norman does not at first recognize the old Saxon witch, Ulrica, who comes to taunt him after setting fire to the castle, and their conversation runs in part as follows:

"What art thou that darest to echo my words in a tone like that of the night-raven?"

"I am thine evil angel, Reginold Front-de-Boeuf . . ."

"Be thou fiend, priest, or devil, thou liest in thy throat.

Depart and haunt my couch no more . . ."

"Ulrica is bound to the same dark coast with thyself . . ."

It is easy to imagine that such a scene would linger in Poe's mind as a conscious or unconscious memory. The phraseology suggests certain lines in "The Raven." Compare "Be thou fiend, priest, or devil" with

"'Prophet,' said I, 'thing of evil, prophet still if bird or devil . . .'"

while the "dark coast" is suggestive of "the night's Plutonian shore."

Ivanhoe was first published in December, 1819. At that time Poe was at school at Stoke Newington, a suburb of London. Poe was then between ten and eleven years old. I do not know whether he read the book at so early an age or later; but owing to the great popularity of *Ivanhoe* and the fact that "The Raven" was not written until long after *Ivanhoe* was published, there can be little doubt that Poe had read the novel before the poem was written.

W. H. JONES

However, in spite of the fact that the parallels mentioned may have contributed something to "The Raven," it would be impossible to trace the source of Poe's inspiration exactly. For, as my father has said, "'The Raven' is a true product of Poe's genius, and not in any sense an imitative piece of work."

MYRA JONES, '41

REALITY

No yesterdays
 (For yesterday is dead)
 No tomorrow
 (For tomorrow is still unborn)
 Just today
 This hour
 This minute
 This fleeting second
 Is all.

JEANNE DICKENSON,
 Tenth Grade

LOYALTY OR LOVE?

It was in lovely old Sandringham House, the country estate of generations of English kings, on a cold, dreary day in January, 1936, that England's beloved King George V died. Loved, honored, and respected by all of his subjects, he was one of the most popular of Britain's kings. Geoffrey Dennis, in his *Coronation Commentary* sums up the character of the deceased king in a few words when he says George V was "the average good man to the nth."

So the beloved English king passed on, and the nation turned its eyes to the new king, who, in the estimation of Geoffrey Dennis, had been "the most successful Prince of Wales in history," but whose accession to the throne caused many doubts and misgivings in the hearts of the English people; for, as has been pointed out by one authority, the King's unconventional personality was not in keeping with the strict pattern imposed upon the royal family since the days of Queen Victoria. Indeed, according to the gossip already to be found even in a popular encyclopedia, long before the death of his father, "Edward had expressed a definite wish to relinquish his rights to the throne. He had no tastes for the formalities and restraints of kingship. His friends said later that he was persuaded to 'carry on' only by his devotion to the traditions of his family."

Nevertheless, he did on January 20, 1936, become king and preparations for his coronation were begun at once. The *Sunday Mirror* spoke of him as a "swell guy . . . who would take over the toughest job in the world." Commentators built him up as a likable person, but expressed strong doubts as to the serenity of his rule. For instance, John Gunther tells us: "Early in February, 1936, I started to write a character sketch of Edward of Wales. I didn't finish it but in rummaging through my notes for that old article I found one of the lines I had contemplated using. . . . It was, 'Perhaps Edward is one of those kings who will have to make history someday—even if he doesn't want to.'"

Nothing ominous or threatening was visible, however, in the reign of the King at first, for Edward was proving himself as good a king as he had been Prince of Wales. As tired as he must have been of always being agreeable, of always seeming interested and absorbed in every tale recounted to him, of going through the endless rituals of his office, he did it all with good grace and as though he enjoyed it. Already there was a marked difference in the whole country of England—an awakening and a freshness new to those conservative people. George V's reign had been the reign of a typical English gentleman—an adequate, smoothly run affair, in the stiff, rather conservative style of the English. The King was an example to his kingdom and lived for them, and them only. Each thing he did, he did with their welfare and their desires at heart. Would they like this? Do they need that? were questions ever foremost in his mind.

His son, Edward, thought of the people, too, but his was a different age from his father's, and he saw things in a different light. Many of the traditions which most Englishmen love and which his father had cherished, seemed rather foolish to the modern young king, and he began his reign, in the words of John Gunther, "On a note of sensible modernity." One of the first things he did was to set the clocks in old Sandringham House at correct time—"They had been set half an hour fast since the time of Edward VII, to give more daylight for hunting." When he was called to London he flew instead of chartering a special train as his father would have done. Finally, the most daring innovation of Edward's was the addressing of Parliament in the first person. Never before had an English parliament heard the king use anything but the traditional "we" of royalty.

The king of England today is merely a man in the service of his country, there to sign the most important documents, to attend the most important affairs, to make a good impression on foreign powers—all for the benefit of the English nation. The king's position might be compared with that of a caterer at an important social function which is, according to Webster, "One who provides provisions and service." The provisions which the king provides are tact, appearance, and ceremony; his services include maintaining of a "front" for the British nation. Edward gave promise of fulfilling these requirements admirably.

And so things went on for a little while—changing, yes, but not enough to alarm anyone. In fact, says Mr. Gunther, "as far as most good informants could judge, the way was clear for a long and perhaps uneventful reign—cheerier, and more vivid than that of his father, but long, sound, and in the Georgian tradition, nevertheless." But "fate laughs at probabilities" and a woman is introduced into the picture who is destined to change the entire history of the English nation.

If this were a fairy tale, this woman would be a beautiful, innocent young peasant girl, in love with the king, whose godmother would transform her into a princess that they might marry and live happily ever after. This, however, is not a fairy tale, and Bessie Wallis Warfield is neither young, nor particularly innocent. Nor is she a peasant girl, but a sophisticated American, who can trace her lineage, it is said, even further back than Edward traces his. And if Wallis Warfield has a fairy godmother, she certainly deserted Wallis in her hour of greatest need.

Bessie Wallis Warfield was born in Blue Ridge Summit, Pennsylvania, in 1896, "of an old and sound Southern family that had come on hard times." When Edward met her she was Bessie Wallis Warfield Spencer Simpson, having two marriages already to her credit.

Most of us are inclined to a rather bad opinion of this lady who bewitched a king right off his throne, but according to John Gunther, "Mrs. Simpson was not—and is not—in any sense a vulgar, pretentious,

or grasping person." Though scarcely beautiful, she is very witty and intelligent.

It is ironic to look back now and see how loyal everyone was to their Edward in spite of himself. The newspapers did not realize that the King was trying to disclose himself to his people, and at each attempt he made to bring himself into the limelight, the British press became more and more secretive, determined to bury any hint of "scandal." To Americans it is interesting to note that although England is supposed to have freedom of the press, most of the world knew about the whole affair and was anxiously awaiting the outcome while the English people were still in the dark as to what was going on.

When the news finally broke, there was much indignation on every hand. The Church was against Wallis because she was a divorcee, but the exclusive society of England, as Mr. Gunther holds, "was offended, not so much at Mrs. Simpson (whom they might have swallowed), but at the King's disregard of ancient forms and traditions, his political 'capriciousness,' his alleged determination to be an active ruler, not a mere symbol."

It soon became evident to Edward that he could not have Wallis and the throne, too. Then began the great inward battle. On the one side stood his emotions and Mrs. Simpson; on the other his devotion to his country, his sense of duty and loyalty, his conscience and Stanly Baldwin pleaded with him.

Stanly Baldwin, the prime minister, was a good friend of Edward's, but he did not let even a thing so great as friendship stand in the way of his duty to his country. Let the King go rather than break an English tradition! As more than one commentator has pointed out, it is an odd but interesting fact that a government created in the sixteenth century for the express purpose of allowing divorce to a king, should demand of its king in the twentieth century his throne or the sacrifice of the woman he loved!

At last Edward's mind was made up—he could not live without Mrs. Simpson. An English king was giving up his throne for a woman. The exclusive set probably thought it good riddance; the Church breathed a prayer of relief; but the working class of England felt that their King had let them down. They had thought that he really felt for them, they had expected great things of his reign; but he had thrown them over for a woman!

On December 10, 1936, Edward VIII of England abdicated in favor of his brother George, and on the following day, over a worldwide network, he made his farewell speech to his former subjects. Even his worst enemy could not have helped feeling a touch of sympathy for him as he uttered the final words of his address: "And now we all have a new King. I wish him and you, his people, happiness and prosperity with all my heart.

"God bless you all! God save the King!"

Thus Edward, Duke of Windsor, passed off the English stage—he who was the idol of the lower classes, who might have been their benefactor—passed into exile. But will there not always be that still small voice—his conscience—nagging him and crying, “I let them down! I let them down!” and may we not imagine that in future days, the sad, wistful thought will come, “If I were king . . .?”

ISABEL McKEITHAN, '41

WAR AND PEACE

Man, holding dominion over earth and its creatures, bends to his will the earth's vast energies and resources. Roaring waterfalls are his servants. Man-made machines are his slaves. In less than twenty-four hours he can travel on wings of his own invention from the Atlantic to the Pacific Coast. In less than a minute he can bring to his ears a voice from across the sea. Great is the accomplishment of man.

With the knowledge of man's great power and achievement comes the startling realization of man's great failure. Today he faces his worst enemy, an enemy that threatens to crush him, an enemy that jeers while it watches him struggle in its grasp. This frightful enemy is war, a monster created by the greed of man, and now threatening the very soul of its creator.

How shall the Destroyer be destroyed? The only way to overthrow this enemy is to make our world a Christian world. Many thinkers of our day have been devising plans for a united Europe. More and more they have realized that a truly Christian Europe would be a united Europe. Christianity has no race prejudices, no territorial boundaries, no imperialistic desires. Men of good will cannot by themselves destroy war, but with the help of God are not all things possible?

The greatest challenge to our youth today is the challenge to work for a Christian world, for a world in which the peace of God and His love will abide in every heart.

MILDRED ASKEW, '40

AMERICA'S FIRST MINSTREL

It is said that Stephen Foster picked out his first harmonies on his “ittly pizani” at the tender age of two; at seven he walked into a music store, picked up a flageolet, and in a few moments had so completely mastered the instrument as to play “Hail, Columbia!” without a flaw. His brother Morrison relates that not long afterwards

. . . he learned, unaided, to play beautifully on the flute. He had the faculty of bringing those deep resonant tones from the flute which distinguished the natural flutist from the mechanical performer.

Soon he learned to play the piano remarkably well; but it was not until he went to live with his brother William and to attend Athens Academy that he first appeared as a composer. This event took shape in the publication of the "Tioga Waltz," arranged for four flutes.

About the same time as the "Tioga Waltz" also appeared his first song, "Sadly to My Heart Appealing." The words were visibly saturated with gloom, as was the poetry of the time. However, the melody "flows with the grace and spontaneity of Foster's best work." Its harmonic outline was simple; yet sufficient so far as the melody was concerned. The song ends on a particularly gloomy note:

Ghost-like thus they wane before me,
Quenched their lustre, fled their bloom;
While pale mem'ry, tearful, o'er me
Flings the shadow of the tomb.

Foster's parents evidently worried a great deal about his strange ideas, his love for rambling in the woods alone with pencil and books. He was courageous, always fighting the smaller boys' fights, protecting the under-dog. His aversion to studies early led to the development of erratic habits. However, he had, as his brother points out, "the faculty of reaching far ahead and grasping the scope of a lesson without apparent effort." As a matter of fact, only one member of his family, an uncle, even so much as imagined that his dreaming would get him anywhere.

Probably his first taste of Negro songs was gained in attending church services with a bound girl of his father's, Olivia. His own contribution at this time consisted in singing Negro songs in a neighborhood Thespian club. Then, through the Academy at Athens, came his first few attempts at songs and his attraction to minstrels, which were a predominant influence in his early creative work. While these Negro ditties were, as John Tasker Howard writes,

... an influence that affected Foster profoundly, it was a medium that Stephen himself completely reformed. He found the songs of the current minstrel shows crude, vulgar ditties that struck the popular fancy, but which were nevertheless lyrics and songs that in spite of their vulgarity actually represented something definitely American. Stephen made this class of music a literature that is well worth preserving—he brought artistry and sincerity to a medium that before his entry had reeked of the alley and the barroom.

The minstrel songs were at this time in their infancy, but Negro songs in costume were fast becoming popular. "Daddy" Rice claims the honor of the first performance of "Jump Jim Crow." According to R. P. Nevin's account, Rice, walking along the street one day, heard a Negro lazily singing a song with this refrain:

Turn about an' wheel about an' do jis so—
An' ebery time I turn about I jump Jim Crow.

Some time later he borrowed an old darkey's clothes and ambled onto the stage for an instantaneous success. After this, the popularity of minstrelsy spread rapidly, and Foster not only heard shows in Pittsburgh, but wrote some of his earliest songs for them. About this time he composed "Oh! Susanna!" Milligan's description is apt: "Foster's songs are rollicking jingles, infectious tunes with insistent rhythm provided by a banjo accompaniment, the words a farrago of nonsense." A few stanzas will serve as illustration:

I cam from Alabama, wid
My banjo on my knee
I'm gwine to Louisiana, my
True love for to see.

It rained all night the day I left,
The weather it was dry,
The sun so hot I froze to death,
Susanna, don't you cry.

Refrain:

Oh! Susanna,
Oh don't you cry for me,
I've come from Alabama wid
My banjo on my knee.

I jumped aboard de telegraph,
And trabbled down de riber,
De lectric fluid magnified
And killed five hundred nigger.

De bullgine bust, de horse run off,
I really thought I'd die;
I shut my eyes to hold my breath,
Susanna, don't you cry.

The song might not have been so popular had it not been for the forty-niners. Whether it was the song's carefree lilt or its engaging nonsense that endeared it to the adventurers, it traveled across the continent with those hardy forefathers of ours. Another of his more famous nonsense songs, "De Camptown Races" is similar to "Oh! Susanna"; like Foster's songs in general, its very simplicity adds to its charm. This simple beauty is best explained by MacGowan:

Now the beauty of Foster's simplicity is just this; it can stand closest inspection. . . . Foster was a prophet in that he was a seer first. . . . For every hundred who can think, there is only one who can see. Foster looked deeply into the tragedy of life . . . and saw . . . the sacred revel of the home, with its . . . grinding labors of love.

The one chord of human emotion that he touched and lingered upon was "a homesickness unaffected by time or space." He was devoted to his mother, adored her, and thus his love of home was by far his strongest emotion. Simplicity was the keynote of both his tastes and his entire character. Display horrified him; the simplest of foods satisfied him. It was next to impossible to draw him into the sham and glitter of society. As MacGowan writes, he "carried himself like a poet, blundering along quite enough to satisfy the most exacting."

Foster's "music in words of one syllable," to quote Milligan's inimitable phrase, was unique; no one else has composed such universally understood and beloved songs. The wide intervals in his melodies and the primary texture of his harmonies give his music a surprising vigor, and the lack of modulation only adds to the impression of naivete. Milligan calls Foster a paradox in that his limitations are his power, and in that they, "become virtues, resulting in a simplicity and directness of utterance which no amount of erudition and sophistication could have equaled in sincerity and potency."

Foster did his writing with or without a piano. Melodies flowed through his head continually, and the simple accompaniments followed freely. He kept his music free of the tragedies and defeats of his life—at the end it was as simple and ingenuous as at first. Foster "at his best was inevitable rather than obvious."

In his biography of Foster, Milligan states that his career is a good example of what happens when a musical soul is placed in an unmusical environment. But in spite of complete lack of encouragement from his pioneer parents—music was fine for his sisters, but he was a man!—his lyrics represent a definite flowering of culture in the making of the West. As MacGowan writes: "Humanist . . . with a smack of the realist . . . his depth is not metaphysical, there is nothing speculative in his thinking; he is not the product of any school of philosophy . . . the poet of the Ohio Valley."

Needless to say, his songs are sung everywhere. From the realm of popular music they have passed into the category of true folk-songs. Perhaps it is well that he had so little technical training, else his songs might have lost their basic simplicity and charm. To quote MacGowan again: "There then is the true Foster . . . the Foster who sang for mankind the joys of the unfettered soul."

"Uncle Ned" marks the turning point in Foster's art. Prior to this composition, the Negro was merely a figure of burlesque; now he takes on human characteristics.

One of Foster's best songs from the standpoint of the melody is "Nelly Was a Lady." True and sincere emotion is authentically shown; sophistication and elaboration would only serve to overburden the rather plaintive tune. The refrain illustrates:

Nelly was a lady,
Last night she died;
Toll de bells for lubly Nell,
My dark Virginny bride.

Milligan considers "Massa's in de Cold Ground" one of Foster's loveliest melodies, and his most poignant song of sorrow. Legend overreaches itself in claiming that this was written at Federal Hill at the death of Judge Rowan. In that case, the faithful old darkeys would have wept for fully nine years. The fact remains, however, that it is one of his most beautiful compositions:

1. Round de meadows am a-ringing
De darkey's mournful song,
While de mockingbird am singing,
Happy as de day am long.
Where de ivy am a-creeping
O'er de grassy mound,
Dare old massa am a-sleeping,
Sleeping in de cold, cold ground.

Refrain:

Down in de cornfield,
Hear dat mournful sound;
All de darkeys am a-weeping,
Massas in de cold, cold ground.

2. When de autumn leaves were falling,
When de days were cold,
Twas hard to hear old massa calling,
Cayse he was so weak and old.
Now de orange trees am blooming,
On de sandy shore,
Now de summer days am coming,
Massa neber calls no more.
3. Massa make de darkeys love him,
Cayse he was so kind;
Now dey sadly weep above him,
Mourning cayse he leave dem behind.
I cannot work before tomorrow,
Cayse de teardrop flow.
I try to drive away my sorrow
Pickin on de old banjo.

Two anecdotes are connected with the writing of "Old Dog Tray"—one of a fine Irish setter, and the other of a mongrel hound that was named Calamity because of its mournful howl. Mongrel or pedigreed, old dog Tray lives on for

Old dog Tray's ever faithful,
Grief cannot drive him away,
He's gentle, he is kind,
I shall never, never find
A better friend than old dog Tray.

Foster reached the height of his abilities in "Old Folks at Home." Milligan pays tribute:

The magic of this wonderful melody defies analysis. In some subtle and instructive way it expresses the homesick yearning over the past and the faraway which is the common emotional heritage of the whole human race. If art is an attempt of the human spirit to express itself in its relation to life, and if simplicity of means, as well as lucidity, are to be accounted artistic virtues, then "The Old Folks at Home" must remain for all times one of the greatest achievements of musical art.

The first draft of this song was very similar to the final one, but started "Way down upon de old plantation" and celebrated the Pedee River instead of the Swanee. His work on the song was interrupted by the excitement of a political campaign for which he wrote some verses, but he completed it immediately afterwards. Here is home sickness at its peak:

All de world am sad and dreary, Eb'rywhere I roam,
Oh! darkeys, how my heart grows weary,
Far from de old folks at home . . .

With almost the same spirit prevading, "My Old Kentucky Home" runs it a close second in the affections of the people. When Harriet Beecher Stowe's book was published, Foster realized its popularity, and wrote a song "Poor Old Uncle Tom, Good Night." There was a delay in finishing it, and Uncle Tom gave way to the Kentucky Home. According to Foster's own notebook, he probably had not been to Judge Rowan's home in Kentucky when the song came out, thus it could not have been the scene of this writing, nor could it have been the inspiration of the song of which MacGowan writes:

Earthquakes may swallow Kentucky, but the vision of that old Kentucky home will endure forever. What more can we ask of any poet?

From this time Stephen Foster slowly slipped into the state which caused his death. When he went to New York, he had an ague, and probably the beginnings of tuberculosis. His wife and daughter remained with her sister. His later songs, few and poor, Foster sold outright, asking no royalty.

Foster briefly regained his power of writing living melodies with the composition of "Old Black Joe." The Joe of the lyric was an old Negro house-servant of the McDowell family. Jane McDowell, later Stephen's wife, was the old darkey's favorite. Foster, on one of his visits, told the old man that he would some day put him into a song. Although Joe was gone when this was published, he still lives through it.

Published posthumously, "Beautiful Dreamer," though not a Negro song, can hardly be omitted from a discussion of Foster's work. As MacGowan writes of it:

. . . trite though some of his phrases may be, they are sincere
and warm and close to the pulse of the human heart.

Tying in with it is "Jeanie With the Light Brown Hair." The Jeanie is thought to be his wife Jane, not with him at the time it was written. "Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming" is a third sentimental song that seems as sincere as those of his home.

The last four years of his life Stephen Foster drank heavily and constantly, but in spite of this, his family did not desert him as many authorities seem to think. His living alone in New York was entirely his own doing. It was during this time that he broke with his publishers, Firth, Pond and Company. For three days in January, 1864, he lay in a fever. Poverty-stricken, he was taken from the boarding-house to a hospital ward, where he died soon afterwards. An inventory of his clothes taken at his death brought to light a small scrap of paper with five words scrawled in pencil, "Dear friends and gentle hearts . . ." Was this to have been his next song? Quite possibly so. He had little left but his writing. And "if he were here again . . . maybe he would die again—lonely—as he did before, and leave his songs . . ."

ANNE LANGTRY, '41

SIMPLE THINGS

I love the simple little things,
They make life more enriched to me;
They lift my soul on aerial wings
And send it straight, my Lord, to Thee.

I love the smell of the moist, cool earth
After a mild, refreshing shower;
I love the sound of childish mirth
In the garden at playtime hour.

I love the straightness of the stately pines
That rise majestically on the hill;
I love the spray of the salty brine—
These simple things my dreams fulfill.

I love the tang of the winter wind,
Swirling the snowflakes on their way;
My humble heart does not repine
At the end of another perfect day.

I love the beat of the horses' hoofs,
When cantering down some wooded lane;
I love the throb on the housetop roofs
When falls the steady, pounding rain.

The night brings peace which day cannot,
When by the fire in cushioned chair,
My bookly adventures are not forgot—
For of these happy hours I have my share.

SIDNEY ANN WILSON, '41

SEEING RED

There are reds and reds—reds that express passion and gaiety and warmth and burning and hatred and love—all of them are vivid, all radiant, all alive.

In the realm of politics, red proclaims communism. The scarlet banner symbolizes bloody strife as a means to gain a brave equality. In the mind of the nature-lover, red means the haunting vision of a flame-streaked sky, or fleeting glimpses of crested cardinals on the wing. The domestically-inclined young maiden sees red-checked gingham and matching linoleum; a modern belle-of-the-ball sees yards of crimson velvet nipped in at the waist to form a charming, startling gown. The man whose soul is tuned to organ music sees the red of sunlit stained-glass windows, the deep, rich, glowing red of wine within communion cups. All these are red; what a medley of emotions is aroused by just that one word—red!

MARJORIE PATTERSON, '41

MY BIRTHDAY GARDEN

My birthday garden, a present on my seventeenth birthday, is a plot of loamy soil about eight by ten feet in a semi-shaded corner of the grape arbor. Only wild flowers are growing there; so at this springtide it is at its loveliest. In one corner, several jack-in-the-pulpits gaze condescendingly down on their neighbors, the meek blue crowfoot violets. Close by, the stately trillium lifts its delicate pink blossom, and pale blue dwarf iris blows in the breeze by the side of the fragile white-blossomed bloodroot. Scattered over the rest of the garden in happy profusion are starry anemones and hepaticas, while here and there tiny daisies lift heads as yellow as gold above cool green leaves. As I dig in my birthday garden, or straighten the rocks which form its boundaries, I feel with the poet that

“One is nearer God’s heart in a garden
Than anywhere else on earth.”

VIRGINIA MURPHY,
Special Student

PEARLS

Much too costly is the pearl
That comes from ocean’s cave;
Brought for only prince or earl,
Exempt from lowly slave.

Of snow-white, gleaming pearls I speak,
Offered to richest kings;
There is another pearl I seek,
Deep in my heart it clings.

This is the pearl of purity,
More costly in its way
Than all the pearls of royalty,
And all that man can pay.

SIDNEY ANN WILSON, '41

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EDITORIALS

FINIS

“He who resolves never to ransack any mind but his own will be soon reduced from mere barrenness to the poorest of all imitations; he will be obliged to imitate himself and to repeat what he has before repeated.”—Sir Joshua Reynolds.

This thought-provoking statement of the philosophizing Sir Joshua Reynolds should be of interest to us as we pause to take stock of another year of opportunity. We are living in an era when education is the usual instead of the exceptional thing. Unlike our forefathers, who struggled for an education against great odds, we young people today are practically forced into college. Once there, our chief aim seems to be to serve our sentence with minimum exertion and to escape with as small an accumulation of knowledge as possible. Indeed, the less we learn, the smarter we are. Yet for the sake of Mother and Dad, and a diploma, we manage when we're not too seriously involved with *Cosmopolitan* or *Pic*, in warming a bench at a football game or “beating it out” in time with the latest swing to scrape the surface of a little chemistry, history, English literature, psychology, and what-not, and generally to immunize ourselves to all vital education. At the end of two years or four, as the case may be, amid the handclapping and congratulations of our friends, we

are handed our synthetic sheepskins and walk off the stage, formally prepared to meet life. Yet, other than a diploma, what will our college life have netted us.

When our graduation day rolls around, will we face the world with a jumble of disconnected facts and vague ideas colored by long-established prejudices? Or, as so often is the case, if the mania for grades surpasses the desire for knowledge, will we issue from our cocoons with a fine collection of dry facts, each one correctly labeled and tucked away on the proper shelf, but without the vaguest idea of how to put these facts to any vital use?

True education can be forced upon no one; it is an individual affair. True education must come from an eager, inward urge to learn not only from the classroom but from all the rich associations of life and art now at our command. When we put all the stress on grades, we are getting our perspective wrong, like an artist who becomes so interested in the minute details that he forgets to stand back from the canvas to get the general effect of the picture. Books are the "seasoned life of man preserved and stored up," and, as Francis Bacon says, "Reading maketh a full man." If we depend on our own knowledge, how shallow, narrow-minded, and egocentric we surely are destined to become! Even textbook knowledge is useless to us unless it is fertilized by outside reading and independent thought.

This world of knowledge is free to all who will open their minds to receive it. The opportunity is yet ours to develop a rich, full personality, ripe judgment, and a true appreciation of those things that are essential to a well-rounded individual. Remember, it is not the grades or the formulas that count and mere facts will soon be forgotten; but as Powys aptly observed, "Culture is what we remember after we forget all that we set out to learn."

LOUISE STIREWALT, '40

EXCHANGES

Among the outstanding exchanges we have received this year has been the *Converse Concept*. It has proved additionally interesting on account of the frequent contributions of Ellen Monroe, a former Peace girl. The April number contains two products of her pen, a lovely descriptive poem entitled *Seasonal Reminiscence of Japan* and a logical argument on the negative side of the discussion *Is College Life?* Nancy Howard handles the positive side of the question in an equally capable manner.

The May *Concept*, which is the first put out by the new staff, is certainly an indication of a successful magazine next year. A particularly

appealing innovation is the page entitled *Who's Who on the Concept Staff*. This issue contains pictures and sketches of the editor and associate editor, Augusta Beckman and Sara Brothers. The feature will continue until the entire staff has been presented.

Although we realize that this is rather late to review a Christmas issue, we do not want to omit the December *Acorn* from Meredith from our exchanges. The *Acorn* was one of the best Christmas numbers received. The keynote is struck in Minetta Bartlett's "Christmas Stars," which is one of the most thought-provoking stories we have recently found in a college magazine.

We also have to commend the *Acorn* exchange department for obtaining and reprinting *A Train Ride*, a vivid story of war-torn China written by Wang Tsu-Uen, who is editor of the University of Shanghai *Shanghai Weekly*.

ANN McCORKLE, '41



PEPPERPOT

PSYCHOLOGIA JUVENILIS

I'd like to be an angel,
 With halo shiny bright,
 And wings to flap me far away
 Above the world in flight.

And yet, what fun to be an imp—
 Yes, I think I'd rather be;
 I'd poke folks with my pitchfork red
 Who were not nice to me.

FRAN RAINEY,
 Eleventh Grade

CALCULATION

Going steady may agree
 With all the other girls but me.
 I like a string of men galore,
 Five, or six—or even more.
 For Monday one whose cheerful grin
 My Monday blues will all chagrin;
 On Tuesday any lad will do,
 Someone with curls and eyes of blue;
 Wednesday's date must have knowledge,
 A strong desire to go to college.
 I'd choose an artist Thursday, though,
 To paint my portrait glam'rous, so
 My Friday's boy would care perchance
 To escort me to the dance.
 On Saturday—my! he'd be a tough,
 A football he-man, big and rough.
 But on Sunday comes my dream-man,
 Tall and dark—gorgeous sun tan!
 His clothes—oh my—a perfect fit!
 He's grand to look at; full of wit.
 Intellect, he has that too,
 He's so faithful, tried and true,
 Dances well—and plays the fife.
 Variety is the spice of life!

FRANCES RAINEY,
 Eleventh Grade

SPRING FEVER

It is believed by some that homesickness is by far the most prevalent disease affecting Peace girls. However, the close observer, or perhaps even the casual observer, will detect a new ailment which is running neck and neck with our old malady. The dark horse is none other than spring fever, which, although a comparatively new entry, is gaining headway every day. The victims of spring fever are characterized by a complete lack of all unnecessary movement, by a facial expression so bland that the observer wonders if it is a revealing reflection of the mind, and by a general attitude of "Oh, why work anyway?"

Public opinion is divided as to which of the two entries will win in the race for victims. Of course, spring fever is allied with the inertia encouraging spring weather and the slump in work which always follows exams; on the other hand, homesickness has the decided advantage of a head-start. We can only sit back and hope that the best horse wins—but then when we don't have a good horse how can we have a best horse? There seems nothing to do but hope for the lesser of the two evils.

ANN McCORKLE

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